

BELGIAN REFUGEES AT KNOWLE: PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

THE WAR IN THE SKIES AND BENEATH THE SEAS: BRITISH
COLLIER RAMS PIRATE SUBMARINE OFF BEACHY HEAD.

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P. 17059



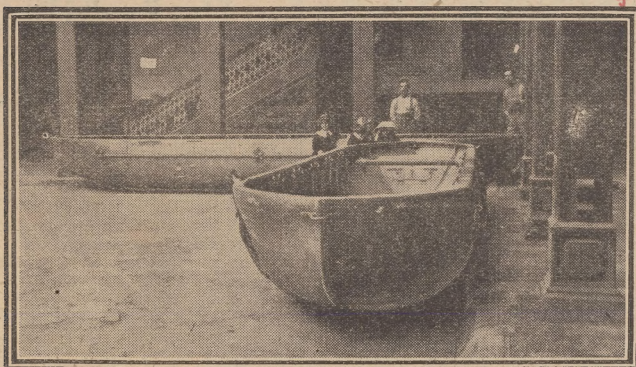
A British airship escorting a British steamer. Our sea scouts in the sky are very busy and vigilant just now, with excellent results.

Mr. John William Bell, the master of the Newcastle steamer which rammed the German submarine.

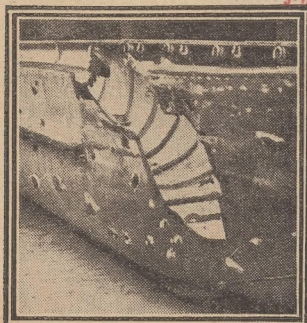
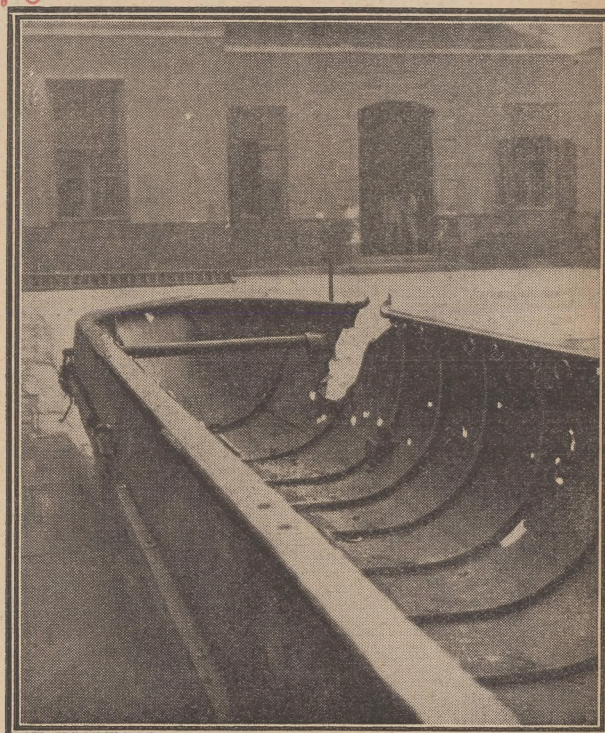
Germany's boasted blockade of Great Britain is producing great results, but not of the kind imagined by its authors. The precious blockade of these shores has done little or no damage. One German submarine has been sunk by a British collier. Mr. John

Bell, master of the steamer Thordis, of Newcastle, sighted the periscope of a submarine about eight miles off Beachy Head. He steered straight for the enemy vessel and rammed her, carrying away the periscope.

GERMAN PONTOONS IN WHICH TURKS DID NOT CROSS THE SUEZ CANAL.



Two of the Turkish pontoons now captured.



Pontoon after our shrapnel fire.



"Constantinople" in German.

These wonderful pontoons were designed by Germany to carry the Turkish army across the Suez Canal. The spelling of the word "Constantinople" on the side of the pontoons demonstrates that they were made in Germany. Each pontoon, as built,

could carry over forty Turkish soldiers. They are now in the yard of the British Army Headquarters in Cairo. These and many others were employed by the invaders in their disastrous attempt to cross the Suez Canal by means of a pontoon bridge.

VERY MUCH ALIVE NOW.



This sheep was found by some men of the Royal Field Artillery in a dying condition. They nursed it and made it their mascot.

JAPAN'S PRIMA DONNA.



Mme. Tamaki Miura, Japan's prima donna, who represented Japan at the grand international concert of the Allies at the Kingsway Hall.

THE FLAMING OMNIBUS.



An omnibus, once a friend to London travellers, that has been on active service at the front, in flames after being hit by one of the enemy's petrol shells.

HUNT AFTER THE FIGHT.



Lieutenant Coats—back from the front, where he has seen a good deal of fighting—among the hounds at the meet of the Cottesmore Foxhounds.

GARDENER "MARQUIS."



George Tooth, the Wimbledon gardener claims to be the sixth Marquis of Waterford, was the plaintiff in a libel action which he lost.

HOBBLE SKIRT HOP DOOMED TO DIE.

Healthy Walking Made Possible for Women by New Full Modes.

CULT OF BELL SHAPES.

Women in general, in spite of the few who protest against the new modes, are busily ordering full skirts at the principal shops and dress-making establishments in the West End of London.

"Will the full skirts remain in fashion?" asked *The Daily Mirror* yesterday at a London branch of a Paris firm.

"Oh, yes, most certainly," was the reply. "All our customers are ordering them. Though not exaggerated, the skirts are still very wide around the foot and are tight around the hips. Our newest models from Paris are arriving now daily, and they are all full—very full, but they are really very graceful."

Full skirts are so much in favour that not only are all well-dressed women wearing them in the fashionable restaurants and shopping thoroughfares, but the models in the prominent modistes and milliners' establishments have all already adopted the new style.

DOCTORS APPROVE.

Full skirts and flounces, which threaten to outlast for ever the tight skirt from woman's fashions, have the warmest approbation of the doctors—provided they are not too long and do not sweep the ground.

An interesting opinion from a prominent London doctor on the hygienic value of the new as compared with the old style of skirt, was obtained by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"If the thousands of women who, for the past year or two, have crippled themselves with tight skirts, are now to dress sensibly so that they can walk with ease we shall have a far healthier race of Englishwomen," said the doctor. "The ridiculous tight skirt which has been in vogue for so long has undoubtedly been the cause of many ailments among women."

"Not a few women patients have come before me suffering from slight atrophy of the muscles of the legs, brought about by the silly, cramped way they have to walk."

MUSCLES OUT OF ACTION.

"Their case is just that of a man who rarely uses his arms—in time these limbs degenerate into a weakness, that is not unlike paralysis, simply because certain muscles are never exercised."

"Women who wear tight skirts, high-heeled shoes and tight-laced corsets are simply putting the muscles of their bodies out of action and rendering them practically useless."

"The full skirt which allows plenty of room for walking and perfect freedom of movement is the ideal dress for women, who ought to be able to walk as easily and naturally as men—running is one of the best exercises, and should certainly be practised by all young people."

"How could a woman do anything except hop along with little bird-like steps when she is wearing tight skirts? The new mode of woman's fashions is not only prettier, but healthier in every way. The 'hop-walk' is doomed."

"But the full skirts must be at least three or four inches off the ground, and must not come a terrible danger, if they were allowed to touch the ground, and so collect microbes and impurities."

"GRAVE-BANKING" WIDOW WINS.

Mrs. Emily Hague, a doctor's widow, who says she buried £1,200 in banknotes in her mother's grave, won her action in Mr. Justice Darling's court yesterday against Mr. T. B. Benton, of Palace-road, Streatham.

She sued for the return of various sums which, she said, she lent to Mr. Benton. The jury returned a verdict for her for £387, and judgment was entered accordingly with costs. Mr. Vachell (for Mr. Benton) asked for a stay of execution on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence. Mr. Justice Darling refused to grant this, and said it was a question of fact for the jury.

In his summing-up the judge pointed out that the jury had been asked to believe the story of banknotes hidden in a grave because it was so extraordinary. "There was no philosopher," continued the judge, "who said, 'I believe because it is impossible,' but I have never heard there were twelve assembled together who would act upon such advice."

DRIVER BLAMED FOR COLLISION.

"The responsibility for this collision must rest solely on him," says Lieut.-Col. von Donop, Board of Trade Inspector, with regard to Driver Thorne, who was in charge of the engine of the goods train which came into collision with a passenger train on January 18 at County School Station, on the Great Eastern Railway. Three people were injured.

The driver's view of his home signal is undoubtedly to a small extent interfered with by a tree situated 211 yards from that signal," says the inspector, "but for that distance he obtains an uninterrupted view of it."

Under these circumstances, even if Driver Thorne did make a mistake as regards the position of his distant signal, there is no excuse for his not having seen the position of his home signal in ample time to have brought his train to a stop at it."

BRIDES' FATE IN BATHS.

"Very Much Graver Charge" To Be Brought in False Marriage Entry Case.

LIFE INSURANCE STORY.

There was a sensational development at the close of yesterday's hearing at Bow-street of the charge against George Smith, the man whose two brides were found dead in their baths.

On applying for a further remand Mr. Bodkin, the counsel for the prosecution, announced that on a future occasion there would be evidence in support of a "very much graver charge."

The charge against Smith yesterday was that he caused a false entry to be made in the certificate when he married his second wife, Margaret Loft, at Bath on December 17 last.

On that occasion he gave his name as John Lloyd, and subsequently he admitted to Detective-Inspector Neil that his name was Smith.

Charles Pleasant, an inspector of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, spoke to meeting the prisoner in October, 1913, at Southsea. "He was introduced to me," said witness, "in the name of George Smith."

"He told me," said the witness, "that he had been in negotiation with insurance companies and would like to have our rates."

Witness described his meeting with prisoner's first wife on November 3, 1913.

Mr. Bodkin: On that day did the prisoner bring a young woman to see you?—Yes, she gave the name of Alice Burnham. Later I saw the prisoner, and he said he was then married to Miss Burnham. Under a letter reached me, signed "George Smith," in which the writer announced the death of his wife.

Detective Reed, who searched prisoner's lodgings at Richmond-road, Shepherd's Bush, said he read out to Smith a list of articles found. One was a bottle, and when he read that out Smith said: "Put down 'empty' in front of that. It may be found 'full of poison' later on."

Continuing, witness said that prisoner stated: "My conscience is clear. I am wrong about the register, but it has got to be proved that it was with felonious intent before they can do anything with me. If she had not been insured nothing would have been said, and I did not know she was insured. The policy was sent on to me; it was sent anonymously to me at 41, Highgate."

Smith was remanded till next Tuesday.

END OF CLYDE STRIKE.

Work To be in Full Swing To-morrow at Engineering and Shipbuilding Yards.

The Clyde strike has been settled.

At a meeting yesterday of the engineers who are out the men at Govan decided to resume work to-day, but to work no overtime. The Paisley Road and the Partick men agreed to resume work to-morrow. The result is that work will be in full swing by to-morrow.

There was yesterday no general recommencement of engineering and shipyard work on the Clyde, only the Johnstone and Renfrew men returning to their tasks.

The executive council of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers issued yesterday the following statement:

Fellow-Members,—You have by your vote rejected the employers' offer to three farthings increase per hour, therefore the way is now clear to conduct further negotiations in the interests of your full demand.

But a further consideration of your demand is not possible while you remain out from work. It is, therefore, most essential that an immediate resumption of work should take place. It is of vital importance to a further consideration of your case, to the welfare of the society, and the urgent needs of the nation.

Your Executive Council hereby instruct all members to resume work on Wednesday morning.

Mr. Keir Hardie is to ask the Premier, in the House of Commons to-day, under what authority and by what instructions Sir G. Asquith ordered the men on strike in the Glasgow shipyards to resume work on Monday.

HOUSE OF TREASURES.

Police Find of £50,000-Worth of Choice Goods in Old Mansion.

HOODED WINDOWS.

The London police visited a house of a thousand treasures at Chiswick and made a large and valuable haul of supposed stolen property.

Through the arrest of three men in connection with a recent Kensington burglary the police paid a visit to a rambling old mansion with hooded windows, known as Little Sutton, standing in its own grounds in Cedars-road and Sutton-lane, Chiswick.

During the past few days they have removed eight or ten vanloads of property from the house to Ladbroke-grove Police Station. At the rough estimation the value of the goods removed must be considerably over £50,000.

The thousands of articles found include:—

Cutlery cases.	Bracelets.
Table silver.	Diamonds.
Pottery.	Rubies.
Boxes of clocks and watches.	Silver crucets.
Gold rings.	Fruit knives.
Gold inlaid vases.	Serviette rings.
Silver tea services.	Two old violins.
Silver salvers.	Old coins.
Gold salvers.	Gold inlaid bronzes.
Bed linen.	Carpets.
Laundry.	Christening mugs.
	Embroidery.

The sixteen rooms of the mansion were packed with costly treasures. Gold and silver vessels were heaped into the cupboards, jewellery and precious stones packed loose in chests. Jewellers' bed and table linen, rugs and skins stacked on the floors, the silver tarnished black with age, the whole place, in spite of the richness of its contents, being dirty and ill-cared for.

There is a roomy stable and courtyard, and at the stable entrance is a board giving the business of the tenant as a furniture remover and muffin manufacturer.

"FOR KITCHENER'S ARMY."

Organiser of Cadet Battalion Brings Libel Action Against "John Bull."

Comment on the raising of a cadet battalion for Kitchener's army was the subject of a libel action which was begun yesterday before Mr. Justice Darling. The hearing was adjourned.

Mr. John Halliday Macartney, of Sutherland House, London-street, Hyde Park, sued *John Bull* Ltd., and Odhams Ltd., the owners and printers respectively of *John Bull*.

The alleged libel was contained in the issue of the paper dated October 16 last, and ran:—

What a wonderful pack of patriots this war is producing! We have already recorded the exploits of several zealous gentlemen who, thinking themselves too superior to join Kitchener's Army, are forming little corps of their own and, incidentally, touting for subscriptions. Another of the kind is Mr. J. H. Macartney, who is issuing a circular from Sutherland House, London-street, Hyde Park, in which he states that he is forming a senior cadet battalion for such purposes as the War Office may require, the members to comprise youths of seventeen years of age.

The defence was a plea of fair comment.

Sir E. Carson, for the plaintiff, Mr. Macartney was the son of the late Sir Halliday Macartney, who was the chief Customs official in China for many years. He had a brother a British Consul, another in the Navy, and a third at the front.

The plaintiff, wearing his badge as a special constable, gave evidence. He said that in trying to help the cadet corps movement he had no personal object to serve.

Counsel asked plaintiff if he thought himself "too superior to join Kitchener's Army."

"No one is too superior," was the reply. "Mr. Macartney went on to say he had tried to join, but defective eyesight or the state of his health prevented it. He did actually enlist in the London Scottish, but had to leave on account of his health."

£5,000 FOR PICTURES OF THE WAR.

"Daily Mirror's" Record Offer to Amateur Photographers.

SEND SNAPSHOTS NOW.

£5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* last week of £1,000, £250, and £100 for the first, second, and third most interesting photographs of a war happening, has proved to be so attractive to amateur photographers everywhere that we have decided to set aside a further £3,650 to be paid for more war snapshots.

This additional sum of £3,650 will be paid out in various amounts, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph, and £100 for the third.

The additional sum of £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the most remunerative yet submitted for the consideration of amateur photographers.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.

PICTURES FOR HISTORY.

Mr. Hector Murchison, deputy hon. secretary of the Camera Club, yesterday characterised the record offer made by *The Daily Mirror* as one entirely in keeping with the very enterprising character of that journal.

"It should lead," he said, "to the collection of a very valuable and historical series of photographs."

The Camera Club possesses most of the leading photographic workers of the day, and as over fifteen per cent. of its members are already in the forces in all sorts of capacities, it shall be extremely surprised if they do not contribute a large proportion of the finest results, and if some of them do not appear among the prize-winners."

CLAIM TO A PEERAGE.

Gardener Who Says He Is Marquis's Son Loses Libel Suit.

"He has as much chance of being the next Marquis of Waterford as he has of being the next Emperor of Germany."

Thus spoke counsel for the defence in Mr. Justice Avory's court yesterday when George Tooth, a gardener, of Wimbledon, unsuccessfully sued the *News of the World*, Ltd., for alleged libel.

It was explained that Mr. Tooth claimed to be the son of the fifth Marquis of Waterford. As a result, the trustees of the Waterford Estate began an action in the Chancery Division in 1913 for the purpose of perpetuating testimony. In the course of the proceedings a Mrs. White was examined. She had been in the employment of the fifth Marquis of Waterford and his wife, and she gave evidence to show that the plaintiff was not the son of the Marquis of Waterford, but was the legitimate son of one Tooth, whose sister had been in the establishment of the Marquis of Waterford.

Later the plaintiff wrote to Mrs. White three postcards accusing her of having been guilty of perjury and murder. Plaintiff was brought before the Central Criminal Court and ordered to enter into his own recognisances to keep the peace for twelve months.

In the issue of September 13 last year the *News of the World* published a report of the trial, beginning thus: By his plea of guilty a defendant at the Old Bailey admitted that he could no longer support his claim to a peerage." This, counsel stated, was untrue, as the point was not involved in the case which the Recorder tried.

Plaintiff did not go into the witness-box, and the jury, without retiring, returned a verdict for the defendants.

FIVE KILLED BY STRANDED MINE.

AMSTERDAM, March 2.—A mine which had been cast ashore at Katshoek, on the Island of North Beveland, exploded this morning and five persons were killed.

The military authorities had not been advised of the presence of the mine and the usual sentry had not been stationed by it.

It is believed that some boys were playing with the mine when it exploded.—Central News.



The manor house in Sutton-lane, Chiswick, where the police found an amazing collection of treasures, including paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds and rare old gold and china. The articles are believed to be stolen property.

"PRINCESS PAT'S" CANADIANS CHASE THE GERMANS OUT OF A TRENCH

Sir J. French Says Enemy's Position Was Taken with Great Dash.

HUNS DO NOT VENTURE TO LEAVE THEIR LINES.

British Gain Ground by Skilful Trench Work Near La Bassee.

ZEPPELIN WRECKS DASH AIR HUNS' HOPES.

Men of the Overseas Dominions who heard the country's call and came many hundreds of miles across the water to fight for Britain have received special mention in Sir John French's latest dispatch.

It is a stirring piece of work by the Canadians which gains the distinction of being singled out for mention by the Field-Marshal.

A party of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry captured a German trench, he says, with great dash.

Eleven Germans were killed in the trench, the rest were driven off, and then the Canadians completed their work by blowing up the enemy's trench.

An incident? Yes, but a significant one. Men of the Empire are fighting for the flag, and Germany is now beginning to realise something of the power and the spirit of the forces that her barbarism aroused.

Further successes by the Allies were reported in yesterday's French official report.

A German attack south of Ypres was repulsed by the British, while the French made further advances in the Vosges and the Argonne.

BRITISH GET MASTERY OF FOE'S SNIPERS.

How Canadians Captured and Blew Up German Trench—La Bassee Progress.

The following official statement, dated March 1, was issued yesterday:—

The Field-Marshal commanding the British forces in France reports as follows:—

The enemy's activity in the neighbourhood of Ypres reported in my last communiqué has been checked.

During the last three nights patrols have been active in front of our trenches, and have found that the enemy has not ventured to leave his lines.

Early this morning an attack preceded by a heavy bombardment was made on a portion of our line, and was successfully repulsed.

On our left a party of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry captured a German trench with great dash.

After killing eleven of the occupants and driving off the remainder they succeeded in blowing up the trench. Our losses were trifling.

On our right, near La Bassee, we have gained ground steadily by skilful trench work, and in this zone we have obtained complete mastery over the enemy's snipers and in consequence our casualties are greatly reduced.

On several points in our front our artillery has forced the enemy's batteries to change position, and has increased the ascendancy over the opposing guns which has been observable for some time past.

"FIGHTING WITH MINES."

PARIS, March 2.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

Between the sea and the Aisne the day was fairly calm.

The enemy delivered no attack except south-east of Saint Eloi, south of Ypres. This was repulsed by the British forces.

In Champagne there was a fresh bombardment of Rheims—about fifty shells.

Notwithstanding the storm our progress was continued between Perthes and Beauséjour throughout yesterday, especially north-west of Perthes.

North-east of Mesnil and north of Beauséjour we held culminating points of the earthwork parallel to our attacking front.

GUARDS' HEAVY LOSS.

It is confirmed that the elements of the guard which counter-attacked us during the night Sunday-Monday suffered extremely heavy losses.

In the Argonne, in the sector Bagatelle-Marie Thése, there has been fighting with mines and infantry fighting in an advanced trench, which we recaptured after having momentarily abandoned it.

In the region of Vanquols we made progress, took some prisoners and maintained the ground won, notwithstanding two counter-attacks.

In the Vosges at La Chapelle, near Colles, we captured some trenches and gained 300 yards.—Central News.

PARIS, March 2.—I learn from Nancy that the Germans have recommenced the bombardment of Badonviller, which was partly destroyed by them in August last.

They are paying special attention to the hospital for the aged and infirm, and the building has had to be evacuated.—Exchange Special.

SKY "RAIDERS" WIN.

PARIS, March 1.—The following official Note was issued this evening:—

For the past ten days actions which have been favourable for our arms have been proceeding at different points of the front.

Aeroplanes and airships have almost constantly taken part in these, and have thus proved the remarkable efficiency of their employment for military purposes.

As an instance of aerial methods and results, it is sufficient to mention the location on February 17 by a single aircraft of twenty-one enemy batteries, and the discovery on February 18 of a heavy battery, which was immediately followed by an effective fire, exploding ammunition wagons.

We must also recall the bombardment carried out on February 19, 24 and 25 for the purpose of impeding the working of a railway by the enemy, and the flight during the night which enabled one of our airmen to bombard the barracks at Metz.

It is to be noted that during this period the enemy's airmen have shown very little activity. The German aeroplanes make for their lines immediately they are chased.

M.P. ASKS ABOUT SPECIAL TAX ON WAR PROFITS.

Premier States That 6,000 'Varsity Men Are Serving in the War.

Mr. Anderson, M.P., wants to know what profits Government contractors are making and what they are likely to make.

He has given notice to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he will cause an examination to be made of the books of Government contractors and of the shipbuilding, farming, food and local firms with a view to ascertaining the present and prospective profits that such interests are making out of the war; and whether he has considered the question of levying a special tax upon profits obtained from the war emergency.

He will also inquire whether a London firm connected with the boot trade has been appointed by the War Office to act as advisers, supervisors and agents for the War Office in the purchase, handling and distribution of boots for the Army; if so, the name of the firm; what steps were taken to ascertain that the firm was sufficiently experienced to handle the work efficiently; and what terms were arranged by way of remuneration.

Mr. Anderson also wants to know whether any complaints have been received from soldiers at the front regarding the unsatisfactory character of the boots supplied to them; whether any member of any firm acting for the War Office went recently to France to investigate these complaints; whether any report will be asked for and made public.

Mr. William Young wants to know whether Mr. Edward Penton, of the firm of Edward Penton and Son, Mortimer-street, W., is acting in the capacity of buying agent or official buyer for the War Office in connection with the purchase of Army boots and leather material; if so, what remuneration he receives.

The Prime Minister moved the second reading of the Universities and Colleges Emergency Powers Bill in the House of Commons yesterday.

He said that in no sphere of national life had the war produced so great a change as in the universities.

The total number of members of Oxford and Cambridge respectively serving in the war was approximately 6,000.

This included about two-thirds of the graduates from Oxford. Eighty out of the eighty-nine Blues of 1913-14 were with the colours.

Sir E. Grey informed Mr. Outwaite that the demands presented by the Japanese Government to China had been much exaggerated.

WHAT AMERICA THINKS OF THE REPRISALS.

Strong Protest Expected from Washington—“Allies Fighting Devil with Fire.”

NEW YORK, March 2.—While no official announcement is made concerning the British reprisals against Germany, a statement from Washington sent to the Press says:—

“The impression is general in official quarters that a strong protest will be made against the action of the Allies, which is regarded as unprecedented and likely to work injury to the commerce of the United States with countries with which it is at peace.”—Reuter.

QUOTING “MAN OF IRON.”

NEW YORK, March 2.—Discussing the Allies' Note, the *Herald*, in an editorial article, quotes Bismarck in dealing with a similar situation as saying that a measure which has as its object the shortening of the war by increasing the difficulties of the enemy is a justifiable step if it is impartially enforced against all neutral nations.

The journal adds that the Allies' retaliatory measure will create no surprise. “It is the logical and inevitable result of Germany's previous action.”

The *Herald* proceeds:—“Moreover, the Allies make no threat to sink neutrals. On the contrary, the detention contemplated is to be without risk to neutral or non-combatant life. There will be no confiscation of cargoes unless they are liable to it as contraband. So that the Allies are not exactly fighting the devil with fire, for their policy conforms to the dictates of humanity.”

The majority of the other newspapers, while couching their views in reserved language, maintain that the neutrals must protest against any embargo falling short of an effective blockade.—Reuter.

NEW YORK, March 2.—The *Evening Post* says the question of British reprisals against Germany is obviously a most delicate one, and might easily lead to serious complications with the United States and other neutral countries. To a clean-cut blockade, however, Washington cannot object, whatever may be the great hindrance to American trade.

The *Sun's* Washington correspondent declares that the United States will protest vigorously against an Anglo-French decree stopping neutral trade on the ground that it is unjustifiable.—Central News.

ALLIES' NOTES.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The Notes presented to Mr. Bryan by M. Jusserand and Sir Cecil Spring Rice have now been published. They are an outline of the statement made by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons to-day.—Reuter.

PERISCOPE TORN OFF.

Captain J. W. Bell, of the steamer *Thordis* (282 tons), which rammed a German submarine in the Channel, stated in an interview yesterday that his ship was approximately from eight to ten miles N.E. of Beachy Head when the periscope of the submarine was observed on the starboard bow.

He at once gave the order that all hands should come on deck, and what followed was witnessed by all the crew.

The submarine passed across the bow on to the port beam of the steamer and took up a position from thirty to forty yards away.

Shortly afterwards the captain noticed the wake of a torpedo on his starboard beam. “I then put my helm hard over to starboard,” he said, “and ran over the periscope, when I and all the crew heard and felt a crash under our bottom. I did not see the submarine after that. I saw oil floating on the water. I then proceeded on my voyage.”

Captain Bell added that when he put his vessel over the submarine he distinctly saw the periscope torn away from the body of the craft. The periscope was so near as they crashed into it that he could almost have touched it.

9.44 R.



Tents in the garden of the Palace Hotel at Heliopolis, which is now used as a general hospital for the Australian troops in Egypt. The Union Jack and Red Cross fly above the main entrance.

RUSSIA DEFEATS TWO ARMY CORPS.

10,000 Prisoners and Rich Booty Gained After Four Days' Terrific Fighting.

PURSUIT OF BEATEN FOE.

Full details of the splendid Russian success in Poland show that the Germans are paying dearly for their success over the Tenth Army.

The German offensive movement is at an end, and the Russians are hitting back with enormous power.

The recapture of Prasnysz was the culmination of four days of terrific battles. A vigorous pursuit followed, during which a rich haul of booty and 10,000 prisoners were captured.

MANY CRITICAL BATTLES.

PETROGRAD, March 1.—A dispatch from the Army Headquarters to-night says:—

We concluded yesterday the operations round Prasnysz, where we have defeated no fewer than two army corps and thrown them back to the frontier.

The Germans, having compelled our 10th Army to retreat, set themselves the further task of joining battle with our troops who were operating successfully in the Miava region.

On February 24, in the daytime, the enemy succeeded after a sanguinary battle in entering Prasnysz, but we had already inaugurated a decisive offensive at six in the morning of that day on a wide front, from Krasnosel's-Vengrinovsk-Kolkovo to Voliavolovska.

Everywhere our troops pressed the enemy, and the 36th German Reserve Division, which was tenaciously holding the passages of the Orje river, suffered a serious defeat in the evening of the same day.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

Nevertheless, on the morning of the 25th the enemy had not abandoned his original purpose—namely, to deliver a crushing blow against our army—and the battle of Voliavolovska proved a desperate struggle.

It was only in the evening of the 25th that our troops definitely drove the Germans back on their positions near Prasnysz.

In the 26th and 27th violent battles were fought for the possession of the front Dailine-Khoinovo-Prasnysz-Bartnik-Schia.

Our troops had already entered Prasnysz on the evening of the 26th, but we did not establish ourselves completely in possession of the town until the evening of the 27th.

The Germans had begun a disorderly retreat. Scorning the fatigue, inevitable after heavy marching followed by four days' constant fighting, our troops pushed vigorously forward in pursuit.

On the 28th they inflicted heavy losses on the enemy's rearguards. A rich booty fell into our hands as the result of this operation.

No fewer than 10,000 prisoners were taken. In the Bukovina we have occupied Sadagura.—Reuter.

CHECKED EVERYWHERE.

PARIS, March 2.—The following official note was given out to-day by the Press Bureau in Paris:—

The German offensive in the direction of the Niemen appears to be definitely checked.

In the region of Prasnysz, the Russians, after having repulsed the German attacks, adopted a vigorous offensive along a front of about twenty-five miles. This offensive movement was crowned with success. Krasno-Sela and Prasnysz were recaptured and the Germans had to beat a retreat along the whole front, leaving many prisoners in the hands of the Russians.

All the recent Austro-German attacks, which were particularly violent towards Kozivki and Rozniatow, were repulsed with heavy losses. It seems that on this side also the progress of the enemy has been definitely ended.—Exchange.

AUSTRIAN FLEET OUT?

Has the Austrian Fleet, after nearly seven months in hiding, decided to come out into the open?

According to a German newspaper it has left for the Aegean Sea, near the eastern coast of which the British and French warships are operating against the Dardanelles.

Our force is a strong one, and this makes it improbable that the report is true. And, if it is true, it is even more improbable that the Austrian ships will ever return to their lair.

ROME, March 1.—A telegram from Berlin states that the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* announces that the Austrian Fleet has left for the Aegean Sea.—Central News.

ROME, March 1.—It is stated that the Porte has decided to move the Turkish capital to Konia (Asia Minor).

The Committee of Young Turks is permanently in session, and Field-Marshal von der Goltz, Admiral Suchon and other Germans participate in the meetings.

There is much agitation among the population, and there are indications of approaching insurrection.—Central News.

*All Profits to the
Red Cross Society*

No. 1 of a NEW PAPER

All the profits of No. 1 of this new paper will be given to the British Red Cross Society. Buy it and thus help those who have been wounded fighting for their country.

The Big Bright New Journal FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

Full of the newest and most interesting fiction, useful articles and pretty pictures.

A GLIMPSE OF THE CONTENTS:

Daisy Peach; or Pollie Green's Chum. *A rare story of school life by Mabel St. John. Lavishly illustrated by George Galcombe.*

Stella, the Stewardess. *A striking serial, telling of a girl who ran away to sea.*

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Miss Airs and Graces; or Pride Goes before a Fall. *A fascinating serial, effectively pictured by George Galcombe.*

Lunette, *the well-known dream delineator, offers to interpret your dreams free of charge.*

Article by "Our Girls" Own Bachelor.
Articles on Dress, Fancywork, &c.

Fathers and Mothers, buy it
for your daughters! Brothers,
buy it for your sisters!
Girls, buy it for
yourselves!



Our Girls No 1 TODAY 1d

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1915.

THIS VODKA BUSINESS.

WE LEARN from those now numberless writers and travellers who have recently discovered Russia that the abolition of vodka is likely for ever to transform for the good the habits of that incalculable country. Indeed, all we ever fancied in the past to have marked Russian life unfavourably seems to have been due to vodka. Really, this liquor must have been most potent stuff!—not unlike that imaginary absinthe or wormwood, about which, we think, Miss Corelli wrote long ago a moving romance, to show that you had but to taste a little of the bitterness of its elusive green, to be for ever lost, and to wander about thenceforward, a criminal until the Morgue claimed you, after your ultimate plunge into the Seine. So this dreadful vodka seems to have done its work. We are left with a perverse regret that we never had a chance of tasting it before it was killed by the Tsar. *Dulce dissipere*—pleasant it is to be a fool at times. Now we shall never have a chance of being foolish with vodka.

And with the departure of vodka our travellers note also the suppression of a kind of preliminary meal, composed of copious hors d'œuvre, that used to be a feature of Russian evenings. These hors d'œuvre appeared on trays, accompanied by vodka, as you waited and exchanged civilities in the ante-room. Without vodka, they are held to be hardly worth while. They are suppressed. And thus, little by little, the old excesses, the secular indulgences, disappear. An ascetic and abstemious Russia emerges.

To argue from vodka to beer, gin, stout, is an easy process. Cannot we do something, in turn, against this inopportune alcoholism?

Certain ardent spirits, not alcoholic, hold that we do but owe it to our allies to expunge the intoxicant from our national slate. Let us offer beer to the war-god.

Our vast populations, however, show no disposition to make such a sacrifice. An Englishman's liberty will not be so easily invaded. We will be good if we wish to be good, but we will not be good if we are forced to be good by the Government. Even an attempt to suggest, however faintly, that we owe a tribute of countervailing beer to vodka, is greeted (as we in this column have experienced) by an intimidating hoot of derision from certain freeborn Britons who dispense liquor, in moderation, to such of the men under training as have the sense not to ask for too much of it. Should they, in a moment of mistaken patriotism, ask for too much, needless to say, the noble, the saintly publican will withhold his permission and drive them from his doors. But, while refusing his charity to all who demand an excess of it, our sainted publican will not permit the liberty of Britons to be invaded on the mere pretext of a vast war at our gates. No; Russia is Russia; Britain is another place. We have liberty in this country, and if we are to be virtuous we must become virtuous of our own free will; we cannot be made virtuous at the bidding of autocrats with one hand suppress our alcoholic tendencies and with the other, alas, send our free spirits into Siberia. No; no Siberia for us, and gin at all hours for all. This is part of our acknowledged Right, passed years ago by John—wasn't it?—or Charles I. or William III., or somebody who was trying to get round us. And Russia? And France?

Do not insist upon them! The Russians have no taste for liberty. The French have no liberalism. These are not applicable instances. Leave us our liberty and our beer. As to vodka, we know it not. But, now that there's all this talk about it, it might be rather fun—seeing we're all due to Russia—to try a glass of it, with hors d'œuvre, one evening in Soho, where everything, exotic can be had?

W. M.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE LITTLE APRON.

I NOTICE that a "Mere Man" asks why the dainty little short fancy apron has not been revived.

He evidently does not read his *Daily Mirror* regularly, or he would know that the dainty little apron has been revived for months.

It is being sold in many of the shops in London, and one of the reasons for its revival is that it has a pocket in which to put a knitting ball of wool.

A MERE WOMAN.

THE FULL SKIRT.

YOUR correspondents' letters on this subject have been of particular interest to me, although I happen to be merely of the opposite sex. Nevertheless, I am very glad to see from Monday's issue of your popular paper that a fuller skirt

for the effect of the war I should have "made good" by now. And I should have earned my success, for I have seen many years of severe drudgery since I first set out.

Now, suddenly, my mother has died, and my father, who is almost devoid of practical qualities, is left, at the age of seventy-one, to face a great loneliness, for he was passionately devoted to my mother. Clearly someone must go to him, and I think he would prefer that it were I, though, temperamentally, we are very far apart. Yet I have two sisters who would have to give up very little to go, but who urge that I must, because I am the youngest. Of course, I respect and am fond of my father, and I recognise the duty I owe to him.

But supposing I make the sacrifice, how long will it be before I am left, at the best, a stranded mediocrity, at the worst, a woman whose faculties have become atrophied? Prob-

MARRIAGE AND WAR.

How Ideals of Domesticity Are Changed By the Great Crisis.

A REASON FOR REMAINING A BACHELOR.
IT APPEARS certain that women will always worship the hideous fetish of fashion. A glance at the fashions of to-day will make the single man swear to always remain a bachelor, and the married man wish that he had never been born.

DRESS.

SELFISH MARRIED MEN.

WITH regard to your correspondence about the poor bachelor, whether he be unselfish or not, I should like to say that, whilst a married man

is nicer than a bachelor after a certain age because he is more "mellowed" from a social point of view, I must take the bachelor's part, because he is really not more selfish than other men.

What man marries for other than selfish reasons—and because he wants the sole right to a certain woman who has awakened emotions in him? Some married men after the first joy is over at attaining their hearts' desire are selfishness personified, and many bachelors, if they do not keep a family of their own, like the married man, do a goodly share towards the support of other people's. A SPINSTER.

NO TIME FOR MARRIAGE.

THIS is no time to think of marrying and giving in marriage. Let us all wait until after the war before we indulge in such irrelevancies. Duty first—the fulfilment of our wishes afterwards.

Above all, this is no time for the poorer ones amongst us to marry and bring large families into the world, in view of the days of hard work and little money that are in store for Europe when the struggle is over.

FRUGALITY.
Wimbledon.

WHEN CHILDREN COME.

Most of your correspondents think that it is the chief duty of married couples to have children, and that these children prevent unhappiness in married life.

Now, in reality, nineteen out of twenty unhappy marriages are caused by having children.

I do not refer to the obvious misery of having children when the parents are too poor to support them—this, of course, leads to all sorts of unhappiness—but I refer to those who are well off, or rich, and can well afford several children.

A man chiefly marries because he has taken a fancy to a girl, finds it so nice to take her out to the theatre, chat with her, make love to her, and he thinks, "How nice to marry her and be able to be with her and share her pleasures always, instead of having to meet her with a lot of restrictions."

They get married, and are perfectly happy till the first child comes; then, if he wants to go to the theatre it is, "I can't come; baby does not seem at all well."

Can anyone wonder that a man, who married so as to be with the girl he loves, gets sick of the whole thing and takes to going to his club instead of coming home.

EXPERIENCED MARRIED MAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 2.—Roses may be planted early this month whenever the soil is in a fairly dry condition. It is important not to allow the roots to become dry.

Pruning can be started at the end of the month, but the soil of beds can now be enriched and carefully turned over. See that all trees are quite firm in the ground.

Climbing roses must be pruned and trained without delay, otherwise many of the buds will be rubbed off. As a general rule, all the new growths should be retained and neatly spread out, while some old and all unhealthy and dead wood must be cut away.

E. F. S.

AMENITIES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN BERLIN TO-DAY.



Black faces and the salutation of "God punish England!" mark the life of carefully organised hatred now being led in Berlin. How pleasant it must be in society there and how amiable everybody must look!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

for ladies is likely to be the vogue. Many of your correspondents, of course, will not agree, but the truth is they are all a little too excited and do not really know what they want. I believe most of them will be among the first to adopt such a skirt if it is only because it is the fashion.

I think some of the tight skirts that are being worn are most ridiculous, ugly and unbecoming.

How can any woman get about comfortably with her ankles tied up? She, of course, will tell you she can, simply because it is the fashion. Therefore, if the fashion is to be fuller skirts she will, as I have said, be the first to wear them simply because she must be in the fashion.

If girls could really see themselves in the tight-skirted skirts, almost hopping along like sparrows, they would quickly don something more sensible; and now is their chance.

C. MCKENZIE.

"HER SACRIFICE."

I AM a singer, and my work is beginning to be weighed by the "Hons" of the concert world. I think I may say, without arrogance, that but

ably not very long—most likely at a time when it will matter everything! What ought I to do? Have I no duty to myself? STRICKEN.

POSSESSION.

For three years' space, on all my ways,
Your image has accompanied me:
Through lonely nights and crowded days
I have possessed you utterly.

Oh we have dreamed, while shone the sun,
Where heather mingles blue with brown:
Or stolen, when the day was done,
Through byways of the lighted town.

Sad hours have been, and happy hours,
But always welcome; gladly we
Have shared the laughter of the flowers,
Or that vast sorrow of the sea.

—H. R. FRESTON.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Nature without learning is like a blind man; learning without Nature, like a maimed one; practice without both, incomplete.—Plutarch.

SOLDIERS SING TO THE CHANCELLOR.

P. 1706 H



Here is a choir of Welsh soldiers singing outside the hotel at Llandudno while Mr. Lloyd George was having lunch. The Welsh soldiers, like the Welsh colliers, love to form themselves into choirs. Nearly every Welsh village has its choir, for singing is one of the national habits.

OFFICIALLY "DEAD"!

P. 17060



Leonard Banks, carpenter's mate on the lost H.M.S. Clan McNaughton, has received the official intimation of his own "death." His wife is holding the notification.

TO MARRY SOON.

P. 17059



Miss G. E. Butler, who is to marry shortly Lieutenant T. B. Darley, of the R.F.A.

BOYS' LIFEBELT DRILL.

P. 231 E



All the children on the s.s. Demosthenes, just arrived from Australia, were instructed in lifebelt drill in case of submarine attacks.

A BRAVE MAN'S GRAVE.

P. 15395



The lonely grave of Lord C. Mercer-Nairne, son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who died fighting for his country.

RUSSIAN HONOUR.

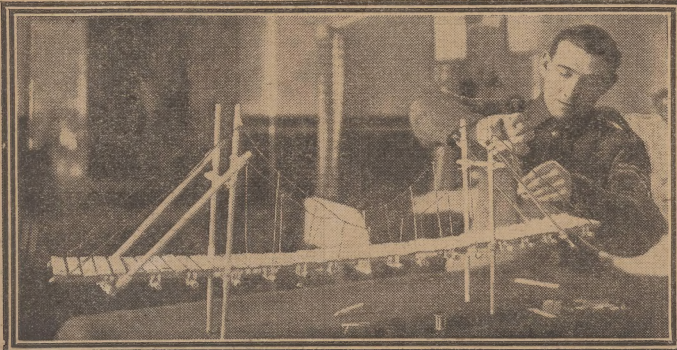
P. 2000 A



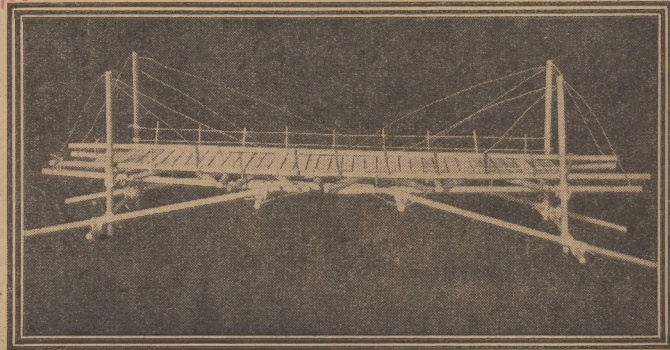
Captain W. Long, D.S.O., on whom has been conferred the Order of St. Stanislaus.

INGENUITY IN THE HOSPITAL: WOUNDED SOLDIERS MAKE BEAUTIFUL MODELS.

P. 17060



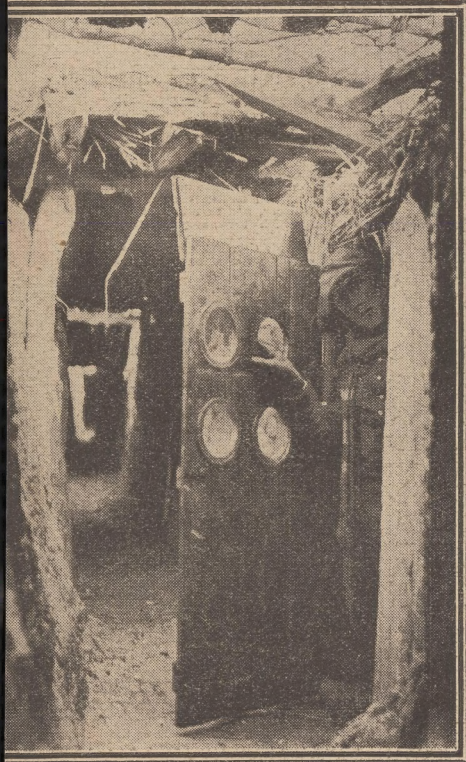
These photographs illustrate the ingenuity that has been shown by some of our soldiers who have been wounded at the front and sent into hospital. In one photograph Corporal Hole, of the Lancs, is seen with the model of a bridge with which he took first



prize in a competition at the London Hospital. In the other is a model of a trestle bridge made by Corporal Weaver, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, while in the London Hospital.

TRENCH TOWN: "THE DAILY MIRROR" IN THE FIRING LINES.

9-11971 K



"Please come in." The open door in a French trench.



A typical trench shelter, which is also used as an armoury. It is near the German lines.

is very largely an underground war so far as the western-area is concerned. These photographs, taken in the French firing lines by Mr. Horace Grant, a *Daily Mirror* staff

photographer, illustrate the elaborate nature of modern trenches. There are roofs and doors in "Trench Town."—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

WIDOW STREWS SUICIDE'S ASHES.

P-13956



William Grote, who has gone to Riga, Russia, to sprinkle the place of his birth the ashes of her husband, who committed suicide last October through great jealousy.

ANOTHER WAR ROMANCE.

P-16775



Nurse M. A. White, who has been serving as a Red Cross nurse with the Belgian Army, and is shortly to marry a Belgian officer.

REVIEWING THE CANADIANS.

P-46



The Duke of Connaught in Main-street, Winnipeg, reviewing 8,000 Canadian soldiers recruited in Winnipeg. They started entraining the following night for Halifax, en route for England.

THE MODELE MILITAIRE.

New Triumph of English Corseting Skill.



This new corset, **Type 56**—at the popular price of **7/11**—is neatly cut from strong

Ivory White & French Grey Coutil. This Modele Militaire—so called because of the Military appearance it gives to the figure—is suitable for average and well-developed figures. Low at bust, with moderate depth below waist. Broad satin bindings. Nicely Hosed. Completed with six hose supporters.

PRICE

7/11

Sizes 19-30.

Whether your figure be full, medium or slender, we have a model to fit exactly as though specially made to emphasise your own individual grace and beauty alone.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining the **HAHN ALL-BRITISH CORSET** at your local draper, write to us for our latest booklet and name of the nearest drapery establishment stocking **HAHN'S CORSETS**.

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6/7, Gt. Castle St., LONDON, W.

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get **Potter's Asthma Cure**. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and other lung troubles. The best remedy for bronchitis of children.



POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is quite safe to use. It contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once.

Fill up form, and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention, and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists, and stores for Mr.

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E.

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror"

SLENDERZOON BATHS CURE OBESITY

Such remedies for obesity as drugs "bathes" involving out of date. **SLENDERZOON** the great secret remedy for stoutness, is simply put in your bath. For as much as you like, exercise as little as you like. **SLENDERZOON** will restore your figure to its former beauty. Send 1s. with 2d. extra for envelope. See it here on the cover.

THE SLENDERZOON CO.
DEPT. F. B., SOUTH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

'I WILL GIVE AWAY 50,000 BOTTLES—FREE'

Fifty times better than any other Best Remedy for

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, CONSUMPTION

The Diseases that baffle the Doctors.

The Marvellous "Liqu-fruta" cure for Consumption-Creating Coughs.

—Chronic Asthma of 20 years' standing.
—Terrible Racking Bronchitis.
—Pulmonary Consumption when Sanatoria and Medical Treatment had failed.

Blood Spitting
Tearing Coughs
Pleurisy
Night Sweats
Difficult Breathing
Bronchial Catarrh
Pneumonia
Sore Throat
Choking Phlegm
Laryngitis
Lung Haemorrhage
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Pleurisy
Quinsy
Croup
Hoarse Voice
Nasal Catarrh
Loss of Flesh
Emphysema
Racking Cough

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

I was guided by the finger of Providence when "Liqu-fruta" was revealed to me as it were almost by a miracle.

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from a complication of several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I providentially cured my only son by this marvellous remedy.

"LIQU-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of hundreds of thousands of others. The basis of this remarkable remedy was revealed in a providential manner that I feel it my bounden duty to make "LIQU-FRUTA" generally known, and that is why I am now about to give away a further 50,000 Free Bottles.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOME.

OVER 100,000 PRAISE "LIQU-FRUTA."

It will cure any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It strengthens your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis, and has banished Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is evidenced.

Let us take the case of Miss Kelland, of Rathfriland, Ireland. She writes that "LIQU-FRUTA" has saved her life. She was suffering from Pulmonary Consumption and Haemorrhage. She had suffered from an increased cough, lost flesh, was seriously ill for 16 months, with pains in head and side.



As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

"As she says in her last letter, 'The Doctor gave me up—he could do no more for me'. Now, thank God! since I began to take 'LIQU-FRUTA' I have gone on successfully. My doctor was surprised that I looked so well. He had to take a second good look at me before he knew me. I can now get about, and, indeed, it is a new life for me. I have gained one stone one pound (15lb.).' She adds: "'LIQU-FRUTA' must be a wonderful cure, and I would like all the poor people that are suffering from consumption, bronchitis, and asthma, to know about it."

It is absolutely safe for the day-old baby, for the old person of ninety, for the sufferer with weak or diseased heart, and can be safely taken at the same time as the doctor's medicine. What a relief, therefore, it is to know that this life-giving remedy is now available at every chemist's, for instant use.

A Cough and "LIQU-FRUTA" Cannot Exist Together.

"Liqu-fruta" is a remedy that never fails.

"Liqu-Fruta" is obtainable from all the 555 branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White and Co., and all Chemists or Stores, 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., or direct and post free from Mr. W. Home-Newcome, 507, Chamberwell Grove, London, S.E. (Abroad postage extra.)

FREE COUPON

To Mr. W. Home-Newcome, The Laboratory, 507, Chamberwell Grove, London, S.E.

I enclose 5d. in stamps (abroad 6d.) (for postage and packing) for a test bottle of "LIQU-FRUTA". I have not previously had a free bottle.

NAME

ADDRESS

For an extra, id. stamp my Book, "Worth Its Weight in Gold," will be sent.



Cadbury's Mexican Chocolate is the best plain Chocolate

5,000 FREE SUPPLIES FOR READERS.

Intended for Those Who Are Suffering from Rheumatism or Any Form of Complaint Arising from Uric Acid.

Note this splendid offer carefully and send at once in order to avoid disappointment—for in "Urillac" you will find a positive cure for the rheumatism, sciatica, gout, neuralgia or whatever form your uric acid complaint takes.

Thousands of readers know too well how rheumatism handicaps them, especially when the hands and wrists are affected. No freedom of movement, no power to perform work, every joint swollen and tender, causing excruciating pain and misery, and added to this the pitiful condition which invariably accompanies the condition.

Read through this list of symptoms and fit "the cap fits" write at once for one of these special supplies.

Stiff, Painful Joints.
Aching Back.
Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands.
Dull, Gnawing Nerve Pains.
Cutting Pains in the Legs.
Throbbing Pains in the Temples.
Acute Aching Round the Eyes.
Rheumatoid Arthritis.
Draughts of Cold Air Seeming to Cut the Skin.

Feverishness and Excessive Shivering.

From the very first the pains are assuaged, the burning, racking torments are diminished and comparative comfort follows. Soon you are re-instated in vigour and health, free from agony and discomfort. All this can be proved free of charge and without obligation, for all you need do is to write asking for the gift supply, just enclosing 2d. for postage. Don't suffer longer, write to-day and let nature start your cure. "Urillac" is positive and permanent in its results. Address your letter to the "Urillac" Co. (Dept. D.M.), 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

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"DISSOLVES EVERY SIGN OF URIC ACID EXCESS."

"Urillac" can be obtained of Boots', Parkes', Timothy White and Taylor's Drug Stores, and Chemists and Stores everywhere, 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d., or post free from the "Urillac" Co., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.



A Blend of the Finest Tobaccos.

6d. per ounce; 2/- Quarter Pound Tins.
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.
Manufacturers of the above and also
ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 51d. PER OUNCE 51d. TWO HOURS PER OUNCE 51d.

Large Bars 1d.

Tablets 3d. & 6d.



Maple Sugar will provide a delightful new experience for you if you are a connoisseur of delicate sweetmeats. It is the only purely natural sweetener, not mixed with anything. Just the clean, delicious sap of the Canadian Sugar Maple, highly concentrated.

Send some to your Friends at the Front.

Maple Sugar, containing a large percentage of sugar, has a high food-value. It is warm and sustaining.

Large bars 1d., Tablets 3d. & 6d.

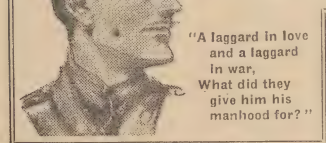
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THIS SPLENDID STORY HAS JUMPED INTO PUBLIC FAVOUR AT ONCE

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his club-room. He is dozing not because he particularly wants to, but because he has been better to do. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

It was a very lucky thing indeed, he reflected, that Sonia suited him so well. For it was Sonia's dead father who had bought the family estate, Burvale, when things had gone wrong at home.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot see the faces of the two people who are talking. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague, who in his best moments he has always thought of as being about the war—and Chatterton is fed up with hearing about the war.

Suddenly Chatterton listens more alertly. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton come to the front?" old Jardine is saying; "a great, healthy fellow, like he is."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an allowance of £20,000 a year. He's not likely to marry him. He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after." After a few more words they go on.

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been sprayed down his back. The blood rushes to his face as he recalls the man of late. They think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't venture as Sonia cared for him so much, and the marriage was coming along.

He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he rises off to Lady Merriam, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question he has been asked since he left the war. The shy happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money.

Sonia suddenly asks him why he doesn't let his valet, Carter, enlist. "Have you been bitten with recruiting fever?" Richard tries to say lightly. "You'll be trying to pack me off next, and Montague."

"Mr. Montague would have gone if he hadn't had that accident," replies Sonia; "he is not a coward." Richard flushes, and says, "I'm going to get on each other's nerves. When we are married," interrupts Sonia, "we may never be married."

He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he rises off to Lady Merriam, with whom Sonia is staying.

While he is waiting he sees an envelope on the table.

FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE MUST GO.

So Says Eminent Specialist.

If your back hurts flush out your kidneys. This is the advice given by a specialist, who says that backache is a forerunner of the dreaded kidney trouble.

Nowadays we eat too much meat, which forms uric acid, excites the kidneys, and they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and thereby cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache, rheumatic twinges, severe headache, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver and bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or you feel your kidneys are not acting right or your bladder bothers you, get an ounce or two of carmalum compound from your chemist and take 8 to 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water 3 times a day, after meals, and your kidneys will then act fine.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the kidneys to a healthy action, and cleans them right out, enabling them to perform their work as nature intended. It also acts as a powerful diuretic, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders. This fine old recipe has kept many people young even in their old age, and for those past middle life it is almost indispensable. Anyone suffering from Kidney or Bladder trouble should give it a trial. You will probably find it is just what you need. (Adv't.)

mantelpiece addressed to Montague in Sonia's handwriting. Then the telephone rings, and as no one answers it he takes up the receiver.

To his horror he hears Sonia speaking. "Francis," she says, "I'm going to do it. I've decided. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. Be at the Franklins' dance to-night. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

At the dance, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he has seen her this morning! "I haven't been seen; my room is empty this morning!"

WHO WAS THE LISTENER?

FOR a moment Sonia did not move or speak; she sat staring before her down the long, dimly lit winter garden, and there was a panic of fear at her heart.

She never for one instant doubted but that Montague was speaking the truth, and that being so, who was the man who had spoken to her for weeks voice across the telephone?

Richard!... Her mind fastened on him with the certainty of conviction; their voices were alike—she herself had said so many times. If it had been he, then, who would account for the strained way in which he had answered her appeal.

She tried to remember what she had said, but her mind refused to act. She hardly knew whether relief or dismay were her chief emotion as she realised that this man beside her was ignorant of the sudden impulse that had driven her to yield at last to his importunities.

For weeks he had been telling her in the thousand and one ways that are sometimes more eloquent than speech that he loved her. That he had been making her feel that her love for Richard Chatterton was no longer the wonderful reality she had at first believed it to be. Without actually saying one disparaging word of his friend, Montague had conveyed to her in some indefinable, subtle way that he considered Chatterton to be despicable and unworthy of her!

Perhaps there had been some faint excited voice in her own heart; perhaps ever since the outbreak of the terrible war that was devastating Europe her feelings towards Chatterton had been slowly but surely changing.

A laggard! As such her heart had condemned him, even while for the life of her she could not have said one word to try and waken him to a sense of his duty.

That afternoon she had reached the end of her endurance; when Chatterton had walked out of the room she told herself that she had done with him.

Bitter disappointment and disillusion had been down her love for him. Her pride in him; he was a laggard—a weakling, content to stay at home while others cheerfully offered their lives in the sacred cause of freedom.

The rebound had driven her to consider Montague, who only last night he had stepped the thin barrier of pretence that so-called honour had erected between them, and told her that he loved her.

To give him credit, he had done it remarkably well; with just that touch of shame—just that admission of his own unworthiness which unconsciously appeals to the vanity of even the best of women.

Chatterton's wooing had been very different; he had taken it for granted that she cared for him. Looking back on the scene afterwards, Sonia could not remember that he had even asked her the question.

But Montague—Montague, with his picturesque lameness and his bitter reviling of the fate that had prevented him from rushing off to join the colours, had been so entirely a figure of romance.

He had made her feel as if she were a queen, and he the most humble of her many courtiers. When after the first mad moment he had bitterly blamed himself for his disloyalty to Richard—his friend—she had found ready excuse for him.

"I never meant you to know," he had stammered, perfectly conscious that she had known for weeks.

After the little quarrel with Chatterton she thought of him with a sort of passionate gratitude. This was a man indeed—a man in whose hands a woman might safely entrust her happiness.

She did not realise that all along pique was in reality the propelling emotion that drove her—pique that had swayed her like a reed before the wind of indecision.

Montague's impetuous love-making had swept her off her feet.

At the moment she had been calmer; she had written him a note saying that they must both forget what had happened, and that she hoped they would always be friends; she was engaged to Richard—and she could not break her word.

After the letter had gone she had been afraid—it had not been definite enough. She regretted having written at all. Impulsively she had followed it with another, in which she told him that she could never care for any man but Chatterton, and that she thought it would be better if they did not meet again unless it were absolutely necessary.

This letter had never reached Montague—Chatterton himself had taken it from the mantelpiece that evening and pocketed it unread.

And then, again—following her last interview with Richard, the pendulum of indecision had swung once more and she believed that she had chosen wrongly. She believed that Montague was the better man of the two. She told herself

that she was thus away the substance for the shadow.

Impulsively she had telephoned to him—with what result? Her brain was in a whirl... it had been Richard—Richard who had answered her; Richard who had heard her condemnation of himself.

And yet—neither by word or look had he allowed her to know during those few moments when he sat beside her before the dance began. His manner had been much as usual—a little more affectionate perhaps. . . . Could this be the reason?

Had he at last realised how near he was to losing her, and—Burvale? Sonia had moved her once heard it unkindly whispered that it was her home and her wealth more than she herself that had drawn Chatterton to propose. At first she had shut her ears to it; she had believed in him; but now—she pressed her little white-slipped feet hard against the floor and set her teeth.

Montague's hand tightening over hers brought her back to the present with a little start.

The hand was slowly finishing the last bars of a waltz; couples were crowding into the winter garden, laughing and talking; Sonia drew her hand away with a little shiver.

Montague spoke again; he was looking at her uneasily.

"What is the matter, Sonia? You look so strange—how have I offended you?"

She tried to force a smile, but her lips shook. Was she glad or sorry that things had so strangely been taken out of her hands? She did not know; she fell back on the usual feminine excuse for her abstraction.

"I have such a headache," she didn't want to come, but Lady Merriam seemed so anxious that I should."

"Poor little girl," said Montague softly. "Something in his voice that was so like Richard's brought the tears to her eyes; she looked away from him hurriedly.

"Oh"—she burst out with sudden, almost childish, inconsequence—"Oh, if I were only a man!"

Montague smiled. "I am glad you are not," he said. "But why did you say that?"

She looked at him now, and her eyes were angry in spite of the tears that still swam in

them; there was a little excited flush in her delicate face.

"Because if I were I shouldn't be sitting here dressed up like a doll—idle, useless! Because if I were I shouldn't have to stay at home and let others go out and fight for me. Oh, how can they be content not to help—all these men who might so easily go?" She broke off tremulously.

Montague sighed. He leaned forward a little, his hands clasped lovingly between his knees, staring at the floor with moody eyes.

"I'd have given any mortal thing to have been able to go," he said, "if it hadn't been for this confounded leg of mine."

Sonia gave a little cry of dismay. "Oh, I didn't mean you," she said in distress. "Oh, how could you think that I meant you? If you knew how sorry I am—how I understand—"

She laid an impulsive hand on his arm. He looked up and saw the tears in her eyes.

"Sonia—" He half turned to her, then drew back sharply as Chatterton came through the archway leading to the ballroom.

THE DISMISSAL.

HE came forward smiling easily; if he had seen Montague's little involuntary action he gave no sign.

"So here you are," he said. He sat down on the other side of Sonia. "The next is our dance, I think."

"Miss Markham has been talking patriotism," Montague said with a little sneer. "She thinks the fates are very unkind not to have made her a man."

He rose to his feet, limping perhaps a little more than was strictly necessary. "Thank you so much for taking pity on me," he said to Sonia, and moved slowly away.

Chatterton had been scrutinising his dance card. He returned it to a pocket and looked at Sonia. "Do you care to dance or would you prefer to sit out?"

She rose hurriedly. "Oh, let us dance."

She was afraid of a tête-à-tête with this man. It only he would be angry—only he would let her know that he was fully cognisant of all that had happened, she would not have minded so much; but this silence, this composure frightened her.

She glanced up at him timidly as she took his arm. He was smiling down at her with friendly eyes.

A sudden doubt came to her. . . . Supposing, after all, it had not been he in Montague's room? Supposing she was needlessly alarming herself—supposing this smiling serenity of his hid nothing after all?

She shrank a little when he put his arm about her—he was so big and strong. For the moment she forgot her bitter disappointment in him and remembered only that once she had loved him very dearly. Once she had thought him the most wonderful man in all the world. . . .

(Continued on page 13.)



No more Skin Troubles

There is no skin remedy known to science that can compare with Antexema. It succeeds in the most convincing way, when doctors, hospitals and ointments have proved absolutely useless. All sufferers from eczema, face spots, a bad leg, bad hands, rash, or any other skin illness can have instant relief, followed by complete and final deliverance from their enemy. When Antexema meets any skin trouble the skin trouble simply has to go. It cannot help itself. To convince you of the miraculous power of Antexema, we offer a Free Trial. Send for it to-day.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Illness of Lady Erskine.

Lady Erskine, the wife of that most popular official Sir David Erskine, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, is seriously ill. I am sorry to hear. Four years ago this distinguished couple celebrated their golden wedding, when Sir David was the recipient of several handsome presents from his admirers in the House.



Lady Erskine.

I well remember the historic free fight of July, 1893. In the midst of the scrimmage the Sergeant went up to a well-known Nationalist M.P. who was standing with his hat on just at the gateway and politely requested him to be uncovered.

Didn't Want to Miss It.

He received a courteous refusal on the ground that in such a scene both hands were required to be unencumbered for self-defence if necessary. "Well, then," said the Sergeant, "will you go into one of the division lobbies?" "What," was the reproachful reply, "are you seriously asking me to miss such a sight as this?" The Sergeant thereupon went elsewhere on his mission of pacification.

A Civic Wedding.

There was a regular "City wedding" at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, yesterday, when Miss Mary Truscott, the elder daughter of Sir George Wyatt Truscott, London's Lord Mayor in 1909, was married to Mr. Sydney Waller, of Farmington, Northleach, Gloucestershire, and Salisbury, Wiltshire.

The Dresses.

My fair Gossip, who was there, tells me that the bride was given away by her father. She wore a draped dress of deep cream chamoisee trimmed with old Brussels lace and pearls, and instead of the usual orange flowers she wore a pearl bandeau beneath her long tulle veil.

Khaki, of Course.

Lady Truscott was in a gown of blue and black chamoisee with sable furs. Sir Thomas and Miss Crosby, Sir Marcus and Lady Samuel, Sir John and Lady Runtz, Lady Marshall, Lady Trendell, Sir John and Lady Baddeley and Sir George and Lady Chubb were among those present. It was a very quiet ceremony, and the inevitable khaki touch was added by the bride's brother, who is in the Suffolk, and Lieutenant Vernon, of the Yorkshire Dragoons, who acted as best man.

Those Who Know.

I think I have protested before about the "secret information" givers and second cousins of great aunts of friends of the "right-hand" men of Lord Kitchener or Mr. Winston Churchill. The war has produced a great crop of these people, all with absolutely authentic information about what is going on in official circles. A few of these people do babble things that perhaps ought not to be published. Most of them retail the wildest and most impossible yarns.

The Awful Truth.

One who comes under the latter heading I met yesterday. A few weeks ago he button-holed me and, in awestruck whispers, told me "the truth about the Queen Elizabeth." She was doomed. The Kaiser had vowed she should never take the seas—how he got this insight into the imperial mind I was not to know. But he was very cross when I wouldn't believe his "authentic story," which was this.

"She Shall Not Sail!"

In order to carry into effect the Kaiser's vow, a patrol of three submarines had been waiting just off the Isle of Wight for months. They were relieved at intervals by three more, supplies came from a mysterious "somewhere." They were waiting for the "Lizzie." And, worse, our Admiralty knew it and were afraid to let the Queen Elizabeth leave Portsmouth Harbour! Subsequently I heard this story from other sources, so probably did you. But when I met the man who knew yesterday I murmured "Dardanelles!" And he gruffly condemned the weather.

The Picture-Framer's Plight.

Here is a little problem for you. I was in a picture-frame maker's shop yesterday, where I listened to a lengthy series of explanations of why the picture-framer's craft is so much harassed by the war. All the cheaper mouldings, it appears, came from Germany, all the glass from Belgium, so the making of picture-frames is now a difficult task. But that is not the problem. This is it.

Take Your Choice.

Standing about in the shop were batches of mouldings done up in blue paper, each with a distinctive trade mark label, the centre of which is a green tree. Any picture-framer maker must be able to identify the make. On most of these labels were the words "Made in Germany." On others, otherwise exactly the same, "Made in Holland." Now the problem arises: (1) Were the mouldings made by a Dutch firm in Germany before the war? (2) Are they made by a German firm in Holland since the war? (3) Is somebody trading with the enemy? Take your choice.

Another.

And here is another problem founded on experience gained in various shops in recent days. "Did Great Britain manufacture or grow anything which we used in the days of peace?"

Miss Sarah Brooke's Return.

London playgoers are to see Miss Sarah Brooke again at the end of the week. She is in the cast of the new American play, "Excuse Me," to be produced at the Garrick on Saturday evening. This is the play the whole of the action of which takes place in a Pullman car. I was talking to a man yesterday who has seen the play in America. He tells me that he is curious to see how an English public will appreciate the humour of the negro car attendant—a well-recognised humorous character in the States, but an unknown one here.

Born in India.

Miss Sarah Brooke's return will be welcome. I do not remember seeing her in a London theatre for well over a year; in fact, I think it is about a couple of years ago since I saw her.

P. 6116 D



Miss Sarah Brooke.

at the Little Theatre in "A Matter of Money." Miss Brooke was born in India, and she made her first appearance in London nearly twenty years ago as Rose Giffard in "Michael and His Lost Angel" at the Lyceum.

Reverence for German Hats.

I am still getting amusing details about German attempts to palm off home-made fashions on the lady Hun. A couple of days ago, I understand, there was a meeting at the Kaiserhof Hotel, in Berlin, when fashion designers, dressmakers and aristocratic ladies met to pay, as they put it, "reverence to German hats." One ambitious gentleman said that German hats would win international fame, and, starting in neutral countries, be worn eventually by women of every race. But not, I think, in Bond Street.

Insulting the Fatherland.

Talking about hats, the German Governor of Brussels has given strict orders that women in Brussels will not be permitted to wear hats or bonnets resembling in shape those borne by Belgian soldiers. A bonnet shop in the rue Neuve in Brussels had a show last week of these new military hats, until an officer, accompanied by two soldiers, marched in and ordered the shopkeeper to take the offending hats out of the window.

That Word of Command.

I heard a good story yesterday, for which I refuse to vouch. A newly-formed Scottish battalion, which has just had a huge board-hound presented to it as a mascot, was on parade the other day in a London park. The crowd was big. The men were on their mettle, and the mascot was excited. Suddenly two loud and very gruff barks rent the air, and the whole lot formed fours! Now that battalion is mascot-less.

Lunch for a Thousand.

There is to be what might be termed "some" luncheon-party at the old Star and Garter on Richmond Hill to-day. Lord and Lady Hollenden have invited the whole 3rd Battalion of Queen Victoria's Rifles to take lunch after a morning's manoeuvres in Richmond Park. This should be a record luncheon. I should think, even for the Star and Garter, with its traditions of the pre-motoring era.



Lord Hollenden.

Lord Hollenden was known until a couple of years ago as Mr. S. Hope Morley, head of the great Nottingham firm of John and Richard Morley, and for some years a governor of the Bank of England. He is a keen coaching man, a yachtsman and a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. He married Lady Dorothy Henderson, Lord Buckinghamshire's daughter.

The Prime Minister's Story.

What, I wonder, was the vivid little story which the Prime Minister, with rare play of gesture, was telling Mr. Chaplin as both sat together at the end of the Treasury Bench towards the close of the sitting of the House of Commons on Monday evening?

A Valued Innovation.

I hear that an important innovation as regards the correspondence of soldiers at the front is shortly to come into force. It is an innovation that will be very much appreciated. At the present time the correspondence of soldiers is restricted, in the sense that what they write has to be passed by a military censor. In these circumstances, it is impossible for a soldier to write about private and intimate matters to his wife or relatives.

Special Envelopes.

The new idea is for special envelopes to be handed out to the men. On the flap of these there will be a printed inscription stating that what is inside is private, and not concerning the field of operations. The soldiers will put their letters into these, and they will not be opened, with the exception of one or two here and there, so that there shall be some sort of supervision.

A Dearth of Flats.

I know one of those unfortunate people who spend their spare time searching for a flat. She went to six house agents on Saturday, and was informed by each that they had no flats on their books, as the Belgian Legation had taken every small flat and maisonette off their hands in order to house Belgian refugees. And so I suppose she must be content to know that the deserving Belgians are comfortably housed.

Battle of Bushey Heath.

A friend of mine, an ardent patriot, tells me of a somewhat lamentable experience that befell him during the week-end. He is a member of the Harrow Volunteer Reserve, and set forth with his company to achieve deeds of derring-do on Bushey Heath. A master mind had been at work, and he and his brother braves, after somewhat painful progress across rich, loamy soil, were beautifully outflanking the enemy, when a most unfortunate thing happened.

The Barnstormer.

A small figure suddenly rose up before him and said, very politely: "Excuse me, sir, but you're my prisoner!" It was the dreadful truth, too. The whole of the gallant band had fallen ripe into the hands of some intrepid boy scouts in ambush. My friend was most indignantly interned in a not too savoury barn for some hours, with nothing to do but to reflect bitterly upon the mutations of life.

THE RAMBLER.

LATEST METHODS IN DENTISTRY AT LOWEST FEES.



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Avoid large, cumbersome plates. The above illustration shows how almost an entire set of teeth can be fixed, without any covering of the palate, by the improved system of Golden Bridge Work as practised at GOODMAN'S, LTD., one of the largest Dental Organisations in the World and the ORIGINATORS OF ECONOMICAL DENTISTRY. Established over 30 years. All Branches of Dentistry at lowest possible prices. SETS OF TEETH ON VULCANITE FROM ONE GUINEA. FIVE YEARS' WARRANTY. Painless Treatment Throughout. CONSULTATIONS FREE. Specially reduced fees during the war to persons of limited means.

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Gockle's Pills of Chemists throughout the World, 1/1 and 2/6 a box.

HOW TO WHITEN THE SKIN.

Many women are embarrassed by having extremely red hands and face, and one often hears the remark, "I would give almost anything if I could get something to whiten my skin." The trouble is that the modern woman is inclined to use secret concoctions, or face creams, that frequently contain deleterious substances. If your face and hands are red, rough, or chapped, go to your chemist and get ordinary veloin, and apply this freely to the skin. It acts quickly, is pleasant to use, prevents the formation of wrinkles, and softens the skin in a most delightful manner. Any lady reader who wants to whiten the skin should give this a trial; you will simply be delighted with the results.—(Advt.)

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THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

There is nothing better than Calox as a safeguard of the teeth. The oxygen which Calox liberates in use finds its purifying, cleansing way into all the crevices which otherwise would go uncleaned. Calox removes the cause of tooth decay; it cleanses the mouth and teeth of all destructive germs, prevents tartar deposit, and imparts to the teeth that brilliant lustre and whiteness so admired.

Test Calox Free
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WAR ECONOMIES IN THE KITCHEN

With the bits of meat and vegetable "left over" in the larder, and a packet of Edwards' Desiccated Soup, you can make a delicious hot stew, which would cost quite 1/- in a restaurant.

E.D.S. costs only a penny a packet—and without **E.D.S.** the "bits" would probably be thrown away.

Edwards' soup is the best medium for making stews, and, besides, it's a complete soup in itself—meat, vegetables, seasoning, everything.

Some other Suggestions:

Kettle Broth.—This dish is a particular favourite with some people. It is made by boiling a packet of Edwards' Desiccated White Soup in three cupsful of water for thirty minutes or so. Cut some bread in dairy squares, and put in basin with a small quantity of minced onion, pepper and salt to taste. Add a lump of butter and strain the boiling broth over the top. Add some milk if desired.

Chestnut Soup.—Chestnuts are nourishing and flesh-forming. They contain a large quantity of fat, and are most digestible when cooked.

To make a cheap nourishing soup, split a couple of pounds of chestnuts at one end. Put in cold water, and bring to the boil. Remove skins, and cook in boiling water until tender.

Rub through a sieve (with the water) and boil for thirty minutes or more. Add a packet of Edwards' Desiccated White Soup, a bit of butter or margarine and a seasoning of pepper and salt.

Suet Pudding with Gravy.—This is a neat pudding in the ordinary way, with half the quantity of chopped suet as flour, a good pinch of salt and enough water to mix to stiff dough.

Cook in a greased basin, covered with a floured cloth, for an hour or two. Serve with gravy made by boiling a penny packet of Edwards' Desiccated White Soup in about half-a-pint of water. Strain before serving. This is a wholesome, nourishing and cheap dinner, especially suitable for children.

CUT THIS OUT

The above recipes have been specially prepared by Miss M. A. Bennett, L.C.A., author of "Simple Cookery," "Tested Recipes," etc., etc.

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Sold 1 penny packets and in canisters at 4d., 6d., and 1/-

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This Home-made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum 1oz.
Orlex Compound a small box
Glycerine 2oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in 10 or 15 days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(Adv.)

HOW TO DEVELOP THE BUST.

A Physician's Advice to Thin Women.

It is no wonder that a woman with a well-developed bust and pretty neck and shoulders is always the centre of admiration, while the great majority of ladies these days are so thin, flat-chested and saggy. It is silly for a woman to let false pride keep her from enjoying to the full the charms of her person. When it may so easily be obtained by a process that will positively be of benefit to her general health. It does not matter how thin or flat-chested a woman may be, if she is over 16 years of age, and under 50, she can have a bust that will be the envy of all her sex.

All that it is necessary for her to do is to take an ordinary Sargol tablet three times a day after meals. This is the simplest, surest, safest and most reliable method known to science. It acts quickly, gives a natural development, makes the chest firm and beautiful, and gives even the most saggy woman a pretty and attractive neck and shoulders.

Any chemist will supply these tablets at 2s. 9d. per box, and a development of 6 or 7 inches is often reported in 15 or 20 days.—(Adv.)

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

(Continued from page 11.)

once she had believed herself the happiest woman.

Anyone less sensitive and proud than Sonia might have found it possible to put the cause of her disappointment into plain words, might have forced herself to go to Chatterton and tell him straight out that unless he proved himself a man now that England was needing the strong arms of all her sons she would have nothing more to do with him. But to Sonia it was impossible—quite as impossible as suggesting to someone that it was her birthday and that she expected a present.

She was disappointed out or two poor little hints, hoping that he would understand, but apparently they had fallen on willfully deaf ears. She stopped with a sudden feeling of weakness.

"I don't want to dance any more—I'm tired," she said not tired, but she was afraid of herself; self; the touch of this man's arms and his nearness, that had once been so dear to her, was a stronger argument in his defence than any words. She walked a step away from him as they left the ballroom. It was unconsciously that she went back to the same sofa where she had sat with Montague.

There were velvet curtains to the arched ways that led to the winter garden; one of them had fallen from its loop, shutting out the crowd of dancers. It left Sonia and Richard Chatterton almost isolated.

Chatterton went to the back of the sofa and, leaning over, put his arms round the girl.

"Do you love me, Sonia—do you love me?" She could not remember that he had ever asked her before; in spite of herself and his nearness, that had once been so dear to her, was a stronger argument in his defence than any words.

She was not tired, but she was afraid of herself; self; the touch of this man's arms and his nearness, that had once been so dear to her, was a stronger argument in his defence than any words. She walked a step away from him as they left the ballroom. It was unconsciously that she went back to the same sofa where she had sat with Montague.

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"Do you love me, Sonia—do you love me?" She could not remember that he had ever asked her before; in spite of herself and his nearness, that had once been so dear to her, was a stronger argument in his defence than any words.

She was not tired, but she was afraid of herself; self; the touch of this man's arms and his nearness, that had once been so dear to her, was a stronger argument in his defence than any words. She walked a step away from him as they left the ballroom. It was unconsciously that she went back to the same sofa where she had sat with Montague.

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"No, no... I don't mean it! I do love you... I do."

He pressed his lips till it bled to keep them back. Chatterton was white to the lips; there was a startled look of shock in his eyes. In spite of everything, he had never expected this; in spite of everything, he had been confident that he could win her back. It was a tragic coincidence that only now—when he had lost her—he should realise that she herself was more to him than the wealth and possessions she would bring him.

He broke out suddenly. "You don't mean this! You're angry with me. You've every right to be, I admit. I can't tell you how sorry I am. Give me another chance, Sonia. I know I'm a selfish brute, but I do love you, 'pon my soul I do!"

His arms were round her again. "Say you'll forgive me, Sonia; let us start again. We'll get married and live happily ever after. We'll get married when and how you like—I don't care if only you are my wife..."

He saw the warm blood creep up over her chin till it flooded her face; the passionate contempt in her eyes stung him. "I've done with you..." She tore the glove from her left hand and showed him slim fingers bare of any jewellery—even his ring was gone.

"I don't want to send it back to you to-morrow—I don't want to marry you... I—I don't think I ever—really—loved you..."

His careless, confident mention of their marriage had stung her as nothing else could have done. All he cared about, so her distorted vision told her, was to secure to himself Burvale and all that went with it. She broke free of his encircling arm and rose to her feet.

To his surprise, however, she never looked prettier or more desirable. Blind fool, indeed, he had been not to have realised what was the most precious of the many good things she had been eager and ready to give him.

She had risen to his feet, too. For a moment they stood looking at one another—both white-faced and quivering.

Chatterton was remembering Sonia's voice as it had come to him that evening over Montague's telephone.

"I don't want to wait any longer, Francis—I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as ever you like."

He had spoken, and in his blindness Chatterton believed that this, and this alone, was the reason for his shattered dreams.

She cared for Montague—Montague who had gone behind his back and stolen her love.

Sonia was waiting—breathlessly. Surely now—if ever—he would tell her that he knew of his friend's disloyalty, would admit that it had been his own Montague's room.

Someone lifted the dropped portiere curtain; old Jardine's plump figure and genial face appeared.

"So here you are," he said cheerily. "Chatterton, you don't seem selfish, my lad. Miss Marchman promised me this dance, and here you hide away." He broke off, looking from one young face to the other.

Sonia clutched his arm with a little gesture of relief. "I'm ready. I didn't mean to hide away. Mr. Chatterton and I have quite finished our conversation."

There was a gleam in her voice was unmistakable; old Jardine's eyes grew troubled.

"Dick, my boy—" he began. But Chatterton had already turned on his heel. He strode the length of the winter garden unseeing; one or two people looked after him with curious eyes, but he was blind to everything but his own gnawing jealousy and despair.

Montague—he must find Montague—and this so-called friend who had robbed him of his happiness.

A door led from the winter garden to the house proper. As he passed through it Chatterton almost cannot remember the action immediately following, but he remembered the words, "There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow."

A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH.

EASY TO MAKE AND COSTS LITTLE.

If you suffer from Catarrh, head noises, sore throat, asthma, or Hay Fever, here is a fine recipe that invariably effects a permanent cure after all other remedies have failed. Its effect in the worst cases is most striking and positive.

The Catarrhal poison is quickly driven from the system, and the vital action immediately restores the vitality, which is always lowered by this insidious disease. From your chemist obtain 1oz. of Parment (double strength), about 2s. 6d. worth, take this home and add to it 4-pint of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of brandy and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, coldness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, Catarrhal discharges, head noises and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of Catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has Catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—(Adv.)

To-day's Toilet Hints.

THE LATEST AND SMARTEST BEAUTY RECIPES COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS EXPERT BEAUTY WRITERS.

A "Blackhead" Secret.

An instantaneous remedy for blackheads, oily skin and enlarged pores.

Blackheads, oily skins and enlarged pores usually go together, but can be instantly corrected by a unique new process. A tablet of stymol, obtained from the chemist, is dropped in a tumbler of hot water which will then of course "fizz" briskly. When the effervescence has subsided the face is bathed with the stymol-charged water and then dried with a towel. The offending blackheads, of their own accord, come right off on the towel, the large oily pores immediately contract and efface themselves naturally. There is no squeezing, forcing or any drastic action. The skin is left uninjured, smooth, soft and cool. A few such treatments should be taken at intervals of three or four days thereafter in order to ensure the permanence of the pleasing result so quickly obtained.

Grey Hair—Home Remedy.

An old-fashioned home-made recipe restores youthful appearance.

There are plenty of reasons why grey hair is not desirable and plenty of reasons why hair dyes should not be used. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why you should have grey hair if you do not want it. To turn the hair back to a natural colour is really a very simple matter. One has only to get from the chemist an ounce of concentrate of tannalite and mix it with four ounces of bay rum. Apply to the hair with a small sponge for a few nights and the greyness will gradually disappear. This liquid is not sticky or greasy and does not injure the hair in any way. It has been used for generations with most satisfactory results by those who have known the formula.

To Kill Roots of Superfluous Hair.

"Home Science."

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered phenol may be applied directly to the objectionable hair growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair, but also to actually kill the roots, so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of phenol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient.

The Real Cause of Most Bad Complexions.

"Health and Beauty."

It is an accepted fact that no truly beautiful complexion ever came out of jars and bottles, and the longer one uses cosmetics the worse the complexion becomes. Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must expel, through the pores, its share of the body's effete material. Creams and powders clog the pores, interfering both with elimination and breathing. If more women understood this there would be fewer self-made complexions. If they would use ordinary mercerised wash instead of cosmetics they would have natural healthy complexions.

About Hair Tonics.

"Novel Recipes."

Each week almost one hears of some wonderful discovery for improving the hair, and, although this paragraph may seem a little superfluous, an old-fashioned recipe may come as a welcome change. One thing about it is that it will grow hair, and also prevent it falling out. From your chemist get an original package of boranum, to this add 4-pint of bay rum, allow it to stand 30 minutes, then add sufficient water to make half a pint. Rub briskly into the scalp with the finger-tips and you will immediately experience that clean tingling sensation which is a sure sign of healthy action.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL REMEDIES FOR OBESITY.—(Adv.)



Take Hall's Wine to win back Health!

THERE is nothing in the world to equal Hall's Wine as a safeguard against illness or as a restorative after illness.

With Influenza so prevalent a few timely doses of Hall's Wine should be taken to build up your system and enable you to escape the untold miseries of this complaint.

If you are already a victim, Hall's Wine will swiftly strengthen your flagging powers and protect you from the dangerous after-effects which Influenza so often leaves.

"It Never Fails."

This Doctor's testimonial is one out of many thousands on our files for reference—"After a long experience of Hall's Wine, I still continue to prescribe it, and have never failed to obtain benefit in all cases." And Hall's Wine is GUARANTEED.

Hall's Wine

the National Tonic Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a Bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If after taking half of it you feel no benefit return to us the half empty bottle in 14 days and we will refund your entire outlay. Extra Large, 3/6; Small, 2/-. Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, etc.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW.



FOR
COUGHS.

Orbridge's
Lung Tonic

FOR
COLDS.

INTERESTING WEDDING IN LONDON.



Mr. A. Sydney Waller and his bride (Miss Mary Truscott), who were married in London yesterday. Mrs. Waller is a daughter of Sir George Wyatt Truscott, Lord Mayor of London in 1909.—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

NEWS ITEMS.

Afternoon Coffee Banned.

Cafés in Vienna have been forbidden by the police, says Reuter, to supply afternoon coffee.

180,000 Belgians in Britain.

Belgian refugees in this country consist of 65,000 men, 69,000 women and 46,000 children under sixteen.

Austria's Glass Rising.

Cost of beer in Austria was increased yesterday, says Reuter, by two hellers (a fifth of a penny) a glass.

Sang at Recruiting Concert.

Sergeant O'Dwyer, of the Irish Guards, who sang at a recruiting concert at Lambeth, was wrongly described in *The Daily Mirror* as Private O'Dwyer.

83 Londoners Die of Influenza in Week.

The number of deaths from influenza in London last week was eighty-three, as against forty-four, fifty-two and sixty respectively in the preceding three weeks.

Major's Death on Parade Ground.

Major J. J. Bell, of the reserve regiment of the Ayrshire Yeomanry, dropped and yesterday on Ayr Racecourse, where the regiment had assembled for parade.

Chance for Male Cooks.

Boys who have left the London County Council classes in cookery have readily found situation at wages of from 20s. to 25s. a week with food, whilst old boys are earning as much as £2 a week.

No Book Prizes.

In view of the exceptional circumstances arising out of the war, a sub-committee of the London County Council Education Committee propose that awards of book prizes to pupils shall be discontinued, thereby effecting a saving of £345.

DERBY RACING RETURNS.

2.0—Quarndon Chase. 2m.—Redditch (10-1, P. Smith), 1; John Redmond (8-15), 2; Bylar (5-4), 3. 4 ran. 2.30—Spondon Hurdle. 2m.—Delatol (7-4, G. Lyall), 1; Stey Dancer (8-11), 2; Elkstone (7-1), 3. 3 ran. 3.0—Doveridge Hurdle. 2m.—Ballykieteen (2-1, M. Anthony), 1; Catch Pony (7-2), 2; Border Chief (10-1), 3. 12 ran. 3.30—Rangemore Chase. 2m.—Grey Leg IV. (7-4, Parmenter), 1; Restoration (5-2), 2; Bruce (100-8), 3. 7 ran. 4.0—4 Year-Old Hurdle. 2m.—Smart Catch (5-2, Walkington), 1; Langley (5-4), 2; Harvest Supper (6-1), 3. 6 ran. 4.30—Hunters' Chase. 3m.—Little Brother (6-1, M. Brazzoni), 1; Stargrove (5-1), 2; Cruckwathra (100-8), 3. 11 ran.

Outram is now favourite for the Lincolnshire Handicap, but the chief feature of yesterday's betting was the fact that the first wager on the Derby was recorded, the King's colt, Friar Marcus, being supported at 9 to 2.

A CHILD'S LAXATIVE IS "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

They Love to Take it, and it doesn't Harm the Tender Little Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

If your little one's tongue is coated, it is a sure sign that the stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When your child is cross, peevish, listless, pale or doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach out of order, system "stuffy" with a cold, throat sore, or if feverish, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the clogged up constipated waste-matter, sour bile and undigested food will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know that its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know that a little given to-day saves the child a day of illness to-morrow.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company," and sold by all leading chemists, 1/1½ and 1/9. Refuse substitutes.—(Adv.)

MATCH OF THE YEAR.

Bombardier Wells's Bout with Frank Moran, Who Has Never Been Knocked Out.

Lovers of boxing who, when war broke out, gave up all hope that any great international contest would be staged in England until hostilities ceased are drawing comfort from the prospect of the match between Bombardier Wells, the popular champion of England, and Frank Moran, the great American heavy-weight, who meet at the London Opera House on March 29.

The men are boxing for a purse of £700 given by Mr. Dick Burge, the promoter of the Carpenter v. "Gunboat" Smith match.

They will box for twenty three-minute rounds under National Sporting Club rules.

To Wells the contest means the crisis of an extraordinary career. If he is able to defeat the Pittsburgher, he wins out the defeat he sustained in America at the hands of Al Palzer and puts himself right in the running for the championship of the world.

On the other hand, a victory for Moran would give the American a new and definite status.

Moran has already a remarkable record to his credit.

He defeated Al Palzer, the conqueror of Bombardier Wells, in seven rounds.

In England, three years ago, he beat everybody we could put up against him.

But perhaps his greatest performance was against Jack Johnson in Paris last year.

He stood up to the world's champion for twenty rounds, and although beaten on points he was according to good judges, the stronger man at the finish.

Moran has never been knocked out in his life.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

There was a slight improvement in the racing at Derby yesterday, but favourites did not fare nearly so well as on the opening afternoon.

Redditch, a 10-1 outsider, upset an odds on chance in John Redmond in the Quarndon Steeplechase and Stey Dancer most one just too good for him in Delatol in the Spondon Hurdle. In the absence of Grayling IV, Ballestien took the Doveridge Hurdle after a good finish with Catch Pony.

For the opening stage of the Gwatkin Meeting to-day selections are appended:—

2.0—Tyro Chase—ROY BARKER.
2.30—Ewell Hurdle—PERENIAL.
3.0—Rotham Chase—BEATMOR.
3.30—International Hurdle—FLURRY.
4.0—4 Year-Old Hurdle—GUSCARD.
4.30—March Chase—ALAKTH.
Double Event for To-day.
ROY BARKER and FLURRY.*
BOUVIERE.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.—10 Outram (o, after 100s to 100 to 7 Lord Annandale (t, o), 100 to 6 Cheerful and By George (t, o).

GRAND NATIONAL.—9 Irish Mail (t, o), 100 to 8 Bachelor's Flight and Father Confessor (t, o), 100 to 6 Alfred Noble (t, o), 20 Jacobus and Balcaned (t, o), 6.

DERBY.—9 to 2 Friar Marcus (t).

Nourishing and Digestible Cocoa

Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is a preparation of Milk and Cocoa in its purest, most nourishing and easily digestible form. There is nothing else quite like it, and it can be taken by all, young and old, weak and strong. Its advantages are briefly:—

It is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining.

It is very easily digested.

It has a delicious flavour.

It can be taken by those who are unable to take tea, coffee or any other kind of cocoa.

It is of great benefit in cases of Weak Digestion, Nervous Dyspepsia, Insomnia, etc.

It is made in a moment, as hot water only is required.

Tins 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE

A trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Daily Mirror" and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond-street, London.

Savory & Moore's COCOA & MILK

RHEUMATISM A MYSTERY.

Some diseases give immunity from another attack, but rheumatism works just the other way.

Every attack of rheumatism invites another; worse than that, it reduces the body's power so that each attack is worse than the one before.

If any disease needs curing early it is rheumatism, but there is scarcely any disease which physicians find more difficult to treat successfully. When a medicine does help rheumatism therefore it is worthy of special notice.

All authorities agree that the blood becomes thin with alarming rapidity as rheumatism develops. Maintaining the quality of the blood, therefore, is a reasonable way of preventing and combating rheumatism. That it works out in fact is shown by the beneficial effects which follow the treatment of rheumatism, acute, muscular and articular, with the blood tonic, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

That a great number of people who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for their rheumatism get well is a fact beyond dispute. That the rheumatism does not return as long as the blood keeps rich and red is equally true. You will do well to try these pills promptly for your rheumatism—any dealer sells them; but substitutes will not do.

Write for a copy of the free book, "The Blood and Its Work," sending a postcard to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Adv.)

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

SAVE YOUR HAIR! IF FALLING OUT, OR DANDRUFF.—1/1½ DANDERINE.

Ladies! Men! Here's the quickest, surest dandruff cure known.

Thin, brittle, colourless and scrappy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp, of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which, if not remedied, causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the

hair falls out fast. A little Danderine to-night—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 1s. 1½d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy, and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness; but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp.



Write now enclosing two pence stamps,
posting expenses, to
MADAME ELOISE,

£5,000 OFFERED FOR WAR SNAPSHOTS

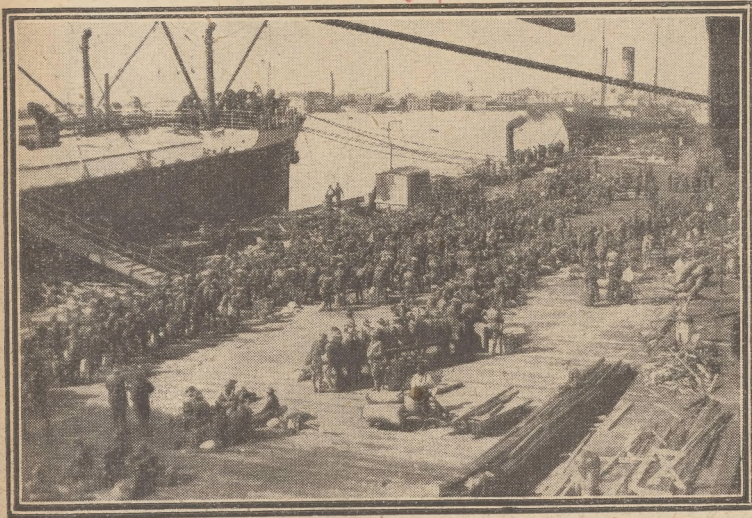
The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

THE OVERSEAS WEEKLY EDITION of "The Daily Mirror" has rapidly become the best and most interesting paper for soldiers at the front, for friends abroad, and for readers wishing to keep a record of the War in news and pictures. Subscription rates (prepaid), post free, to Canada for six months, 10s.; elsewhere abroad, 15s.; special rate to Expeditionary Force, 6s. 6d. for thirteen weeks, or order from your newsagent, EVERY FRIDAY, price 3d. Address—Manager, "Overseas Daily Mirror," 23-9, Bouverie-street, London, E.O.

AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE AT THE FRONT!

G. 11911 D



Some of our Australian troops waiting on the quay at Sydney to embark for the scene of war. The Australians have already done great work for the Empire.



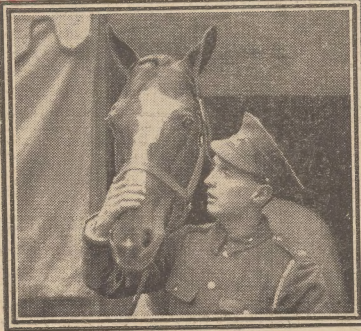
Paper streamers thrown from the shore to the soldiers broke as the transport left.

TOP DOGS AT A HORSE SHOW AND PROUD OF IT!

G. 96 D



Origo stands up.



Just Cause won a prize.

There are still plenty of good horses in the country, as was evidenced at the Hunters' Improvement and National Pony Society's show yesterday at Islington.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

COMMANDING A SUBMARINE.

P. 123



H.R.H. Prince Axel of Denmark, nephew of Queen Alexandra, who has taken over the command of a Danish submarine. He is an enthusiastic sailor and devoted to the sea life.